

# Dancing in the Dark

by ThatFabKat

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Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

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Summary: What happens when Marinette gets dragged to Chloe

Bourgeois's masquerade party and meets flirty, cocky, and sexy Chat

Noir who is determined to find out who she is? A hickey and a cat and

mouse game is what happens. HighSchool!AU

## 1. Chapter 1

Hello! I'm new here and this is my first story. Couple quick things before you start reading.

1. Marinette is not obsessed with Adrien but she does have a small crush on him.

2. There are no superheros, akuma, or kwamis in this fic.

3. Mostly everyone is 17-18 years old unless stated otherwise.

4. This is T-rated so there will be no sex (although I may make a separate lemon one-shot that's from this story ;))

That's about all the things I could think of at the momentâ€¦ I'm sure I'm missing some things (I always forget something). If you see any parts that make no sense whatsoever just dm me and I'll fix it. Also dm me if you see any grammatical or punctuation errors so I can fix it.

Anyways I do not own Miraculous Ladybug or anything in this! Enjoy the story!

\* \* \*

><p>"Alya."<p>

"Come o-"

"No."

"Marinette just hear me ou-"

"ALYA!"

Marinette glares at Alya as she briskly walks past her and into her parent's bakery, paying no heed to Alya's pleas, "Mari! Wait dammit!"

Marinette can't believe her ears. For the past 2 hours, Alya has been trying to get Marinette to come with her to one Chloe Bourgeois's famed parties. Marinette hates Chloe with every fiber of her being. Ever since Chloe met Marinette, she has been nothing but a complete bitch. She's the cheerleader who slept with every single football player on the team; who sits at the "popular" table; who looks down upon those who are smaller than her. And in her eyes, Marinette is an molecule.

She walks into the kitchen in her house and is opening a bag of chips when the bag is suddenly ripped out of her hands.

"Hey," she screams as she whips her head to find Alya holding the bag just out of her reach. Curse her short height.

"Marinette please hear me out," Alya pleads. Marinette reluctantly gives in.

They walk up to Marinette's room, after bidding her parents hello, and sit on her bed.

"You see, Nino is DJing that night and he wants me to come listen to him. But I don't want to go alone, which is why I was hoping you would come with me. Besides, when was the last time you went out and had fun?" Marinette opened her mouth to protest but Alya cut her off, "This is our last year of high school and all you have done is stay cooped up in your room reading and drawing designs!" Marinette looks away at this.

She knows it's true. She's not the most popular girl at their high school but she's not completely unknown. She's on the track team and has her fair share of friends. She has average looks; wears glasses, puts hair in pigtails, and dresses in whatever's comfortable. She's more in the middle of the food-chain and she's perfectly content with that.

Alya sighs, "I know you hate Chloe, I do too. But I need you to come."

Marinette would do anything for her friend. But going to Chloe's party? That's basically a taboo in high school. Chloe is considered the queen of Francoise Dupont High School. Marinette is a commoner. Queens don't let commoners attend their parties.

Marinette contemplates it, "Wellâ€¦."

"Please please pleeeaaase Mari! It's even going to be masquerade themed. So no one will know you were there," Alya adds.

A masquerade themed party? Ooh now that would be interesting.

"Fine," Marinette caves, "But only if you give me rides to school every morning for the rest of the year," Marinette finishes.

"Every morning?! Do you know how much earlier I would have to wake up?" Alya wales.

"Hey, it's the only way I'll agree to going," Marinette snickers, thinking that she won and Alya would just drop this request. But Alya was having none of it.

"Fine fine fine. I'll give you rides," Alya agrees. Marinette's mouth hangs open. She didn't think Alya would agree so quickly. Now she has to go. Great. Just great.

"Oh and I forgot to mention but the party's tonight!"

"Wait! Wha-"

"Oh! Look at the time. We must get ready! We only have a couple hours. And yes, you are still going. You already agreed," Alya smirks, knowing what her friend was about to say.

Marinette couldn't believe what Alya did to her. But she guess she would've never agreed to going if it was tonight. Alya knows her too well.

Marinette huffs, "But you never told me it was tonight! I need time to mentally prepare myself before I enter hell."

Alya barks out a laugh, "Sorry darling but it's time to get ready!" Alya pulls a bunch of makeup, some hair-care items, and a single box out of her backpack.

"How in the world did you fit all of that in that tiny bag?" Marinette always wondered how Alya can fit so much in such a tiny bag. She wouldn't be surprised if Alya had a ship in there.

"Magic. Now sit! Time to work my magic."

Marinette groaned. This is going take a long time.

\* \* \*

><p>"Oh. My. God."<p>

Marinette can't recognize who the girl was that was staring back at her. This can't be her.

"Somebody call the fire department because Mari you are on fire!" Alya joked.

Marinette still couldn't believe her eyes. Alya was right. She is hot. Her hair is down in loose beach waves. Her makeup consists of mascara, cat-like eyeliner, and bright red lipstick. The dress that she is wearing is a skin-tight black and red dress with black pumps. Lastly her mask is lace black and red. (AN: I put links down below of

Marinette's dress and mask if you want to see how they look)

Alya was just as gorgeous as Marinette. Her hair is up in an elaborate ponytail. She's wearing more of a loose black dress with dark purple pumps. She has on a smokey eye with dark purple lips. Lastly her mask was a dark purple and black lace with feathers on top. (AN: I also put links down below of Alya's dress and mask)

"If I was lesbian I would so tap that," Alya snickers.

"Alya! God I can't believe I let you do this to me."

Marinette isn't used to looking like this. Her go-to clothes are anything comfy. Sweatpants, sweatshirts, etc. She absolutely refuses to wear anything that isn't comfy. Imagine the hell Alya had to go through to get Marinette to look like this. Especially when Alya had to take off Marinette's glasses and put in contacts instead.

Alya throws her arm around Marinette, "Mari, you're gorgeous. Look at yourself! You're like one of those cliché girls that turns looks ugly but turns beautiful once you remove the glasses and baggy clothing."

"Wow. Thanks Alya. That's so nice of you to say," Marinette sarcastically replies.

"I know, right? Now quit being so nervous and lets go!"

"Easy for you to say," Marinette mumbled. Alya has always been the more confident one. Ever since they met back in grade school, Alya would always stand up for Marinette and get the both of them in trouble with her antics. Although, Marinette's thankful for Alya. She doesn't know what she would do without her.

Alya grins wildly, not hearing what Marinette said. She grabs Marinette's arm and drags her to her car.

"Bye Mr. and Mrs. Cheng!" Alya shouts.

"Bye mom! Bye dad!" Marinette yells.

Normal parents wouldn't let their high school daughter go to the biggest party of the year at the middle of the night. But not Marinette's parents. Hell, they even encouraged her when Alya told them where they were going to go. Marinette sometimes wonders how she's related to them.

"Bye darling! Have fun you two!" Marinette's mother yells back from the kitchen.

"Stay away from boys!" Marinette's father warns.

Ha! Marinette thinks grumpily. Like boys would even approach her.

"Oh yes they will," Alya smirks, reading her mind, "Maybe even Mr. Agreste," she wiggles her eyebrows suggestively.

Ah Adrien Agreste. He's the King of the school. Every girl wants him, especially Chloe. Mostly because he's a model and is very good

looking. She practically throws herself at him.

Now, Marinette may have a crush on him. A very small crush! The reason is because he isn't like the other populars. He isn't snobby or rude like Chloe. He's actually quite pleasant and a gentleman. Marinette has tried talking to him a few times but she always ends up stuttering like an idiot. She wouldn't be surprised if he thought she was weird. He's also the son of famed designer and CEO of Agreste Inc., Gabriel Agreste. Someone who Marinette looks up to. If you want to be a designer you must get Gabriel Agreste's approval or else no one will consider using or working with your designs.

Marinette pushes Alya's face away, "Oh totally. Adrien, on a white stallion, will ride up to me, pull me up onto his horse, profess his love for me, and we will ride off into the sunset," Marinette said sarcastically.

"Hahaha. So funny," Alya sighs, "But hey, maybe life has a surprise in store for you."

\* \* \*

><p>The party was in full swing when they arrived. Anyone within 2 blocks of the party could hear the music blasting out of the club. Of course Chloe rented the biggest club in Paris just for a party. Nothing but this would satisfy her.<p>

Alya grins wildly, "Ready?!" She jumps out of her seat and pulls Marinette inside.

Marinette is most certainly not ready. In fact, she feels a little queasy. Oh why did she agree to coming here? She would rather be at home watching \_Titanic \_or some other rom-com.

When they enter, Alya shouts over the music, "Hey I'm gonna go find Nino! I'll be back!"

"Wait what?! Alya!" Marinette panics as she loses Alya somewhere in the huge crowd. She should've seen this coming. Of course Alya would leave her all alone. Great. This is just great.

Marinette heads over to the bar to get a drink. As she's walking through the crowd she feels many eyes on her. Or is it just her imagination?

She squeezes through grinding bodies until she arrives at the bar. She looks up and sees the bartender also wearing a mask. Huh, when Alya said it was masquerade themed, she wasn't kidding. She looks around as she sees everyone, even the workers wearing masks.

"Can I have some water please?" she asks.

Call her a prune or whatever but she isn't a drinker. She's had vodka once and it was terrible. She's never going back there again.

The bartender looked at her funny and said, "A water?" he snickers, "You sure?"

Ok here we go again, "Yes, I'm sure. I would like a water. Just a water. No alcohol. Water. That's it."

The bartender puts his hands up in mock surrender, "Alright alright. Sorry for being rude. I'm just surprised that someone actually wants water and not something with alcohol in it. I'm Copycat by the way. Nice to you meet you, pretty lady."

"Copy Cat?" \_What kind of name is that?\_ Marinette wonders.

Copy Cat looks at her weirdly, "Yeah. Everyone is supposed to have another alias."

He notices that the girl is completely lost so he explains, "This is a masquerade, yeah?" Marinette nods, "So nobody knows who anyone is, aside from whoever you came here with. So everyone is supposed to come up with another name for themselves. Another identity. Got it?"

"Yeahâ€¦" Marinette nods slowly, absorbing it all.

Copy Cat grins at her as he asks, "So what's your name? Or should I refer to you as pretty lady?"

"No thank you, \_Copycat,\_" Marinette purrs, "You can call meâ€¦ Ladybug."

Maybe Alya was right. This is her last year of high school and she should enjoy it. Why not let loose tonight? Why not be somebody completely different? Somebody confident, playful, and lucky. Ladybugs possess all said qualities, so the name sounds fitting.

"Well then\_ Ladybug, \_I must bid adieu. Come find me when the party's over."

"We'll see," Marinette hums as the bartender reluctantly walks away to serve others.

Holy shit.

Did she just flirt? Did \_she\_ just \_flirt\_? She can't believe she just did that. She can't believe how easy that was.

"He just wants to get in your pants."

Marinette turns her head to see the most sexiest man she has ever seen. Clad in spandex, a black mask, cat ears on top of his head, a bell as his zipper, and my God is that a tail? He has that I-just-got-out-of-bed, blonde hair. The bell is pulled down so it reveals just enough skin and muscle to the imagination. Lord he is so hot. She can only gape as he smirks wickedly, "Like what you see, my lady?"

And the spell is broken.

"Excuse me? \_My lady\_? I'm most certainly not your lady," Marinette bites out.

"\_Meow\_ch. My lady wounds me. But you should be \_claw\_ful with boys like that," he warns trying to act serious but failing to do so. Those puns aren't helping him either.

"I can handle myself, thank you very much."

"I never said you couldn't. I'm sure you can handle yourself \_purr\_fectly well," he drawls with the haughtiest smirk Marinette has ever seen.

"Go away."

The boy grabs the drink of water from her hands and drinks it. But he doesn't drink it the way any normal human being would. Oh no. He drinks it in such a way that would make any girl's panties would drop.

The boy glances up and notices a beautiful pink dust his lady's cheeks. Ah she looks so adorable. Like a prey waiting to be eaten up, "Thank you, love. I feel quite refreshed."

Marinette can do nothing but sputter, "Wha? B-bu. Ah. Huh?"

She then realizes that he was teasing her and quite happy for doing so, "Why you little \_piece of shi--"

The boy quickly sticks the straw into Marinette's mouth and leans down to her face as another blush stains her cheeks.

"Ah ah aahh. Such words aren't befitting for a lady such as yourself," he whispers.

\_Is he going to kiss me? I barely know him! Push him away! But he's so hotâ€|. NO. STOP THAT MARINETTE. Push him away right now! \_Marinette's head is in turmoil when he suddenly pulls back and looks down at her. Ah. There it is again. That big, shit-eating grin. Marinette suddenly has the biggest urge to beat the shit out of this cat.

She pushes the water away, stands up, and pokes his chest as she says, "Listen here kitty," the boy's grin grows even wider when he hears her call him 'kitty', "you are one of the most annoying person I have had the displeasure of meeting. You will not treat me as if I'm some sort of toy. I am a human and I will be treated as such. So quit being such a \_fucking asshole!"\_

The boy looks quite bewildered and, dare she say, guilty. It's then Marinette realizes that she raised her voice and that she drew a crowd around them. It may be the adrenaline but she lashes out at the crowd, "Keep moving! Nothing to see here!"

Everyone shrugs it off and goes back to dancing, drinking, making out, or whatever the hell they were doing.

"If I may ask--"

"No you may not."

This guy is still talking to her? He sure is persistent, Marinette will give him that much.

"why is such a lovely lady, like yourself, alone?" The boy asks ignoring her.

"I am not alone. I came here with a friend. "

"Well it seems that your friend has left you," Marinette snorts at this, "how about I fancy you a dance?"

"How about no?" Marinette bites back

"How about yes?" He retorts, his cocky attitude back in full force.

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"No."

"Yes."

Wait a minute€, "You tricked me!" Marinette belows.

The cat laughs, "You can't blame a guy for trying."

"Why are you so persistent?" Marinette huffs.

"Because there are many men that are staring at you and it'll be easier on you if it looks like you're already with someone, oui?"

"Why would you help me?" Marinette can't think of a reason for this guy to help her. She just met him!

"Consider it as an apology for my behavior earlier," he says sincerely.

\_Should I believe him?\_ Marinette contemplates. Well, he does have a point. Ever since Marinette entered here, she has felt many people stare at her. She doesn't like them, they make her feel uncomfortable. It would be easier to pretend that she's here with€, "Wait what's your name?" she asks.

"You may call me Chat Noir. What about you, princess?" he smoothly says.

"L-Ladybug." she stutter. \_No! Don't you dare stutter!\_ Marinette scolds herself.

Chat Noir grabs her hand and leads her to the dance floor, "Let's dance, Ladybug."



For some reason, hearing her alias name coming from his mouth sent shivers down her spine. He's too good-looking for his own good.

If the dance floor was full before, it's packed to the brim now. Now since Marinette never danced at a party like this before she had no idea what to do. She was awkwardly standing there, looking at the people around her. Everyone seemed to be in their element and dancing in a natural way. Well, except for the drunks. She looked over at Chat Noir to see him casually bobbing his head and swaying to the music. He looks so natural and Marinette looks so unnatural. She was starting to regret this.

"Relax. You're too stiff. Loosen yourself and move to the beat of the music, love," Chat whispers into her ear. Her legs feel a bit too much like jelly from that.

\_Lose yourself. Let the music take you, \_Marinette thought, \_You're Ladybug. Not Marinette. Let go.\_

**\*\*On my waist, through my hair.\*\***

**\*\*Think about it when you touch me there\*\***

**\*\*Close my eyes, here you are all alone dancing in the dark.\*\***

Just like that Marinette felt the music wrap around her. She started moving her hips and legs. She looked at Chat Noir and had the strongest urge to be closer to him. Whether it's because of the song choice, the people grinding against each other around her, or the atmosphere she didn't care. So she turned, so her back was to him, and started very lightly moving her hips against his. She took satisfaction in seeing his eyes widen behind his mask.

**\*\*Tell me baby if it's wrong\*\***

**\*\*To let my hands do what they want?\*\***

**\*\*Late at night I pretend we are\*\***

**\*\*Dance dance dancing in the dark\*\***

Marinette feels his hands grab her waist and move with the music. All of her senses were hyper and could feel everything. It's kind of like time slowed down. She sensed his eyes boring down at her. It made her feel self-conscious for a moment. Here she was flaunting herself at a boy she hardly knows. But those thoughts pass away when she feels him pull her closer to him so that they were flush against each other.

**\*\*Dancing in the dark\*\***

**\*\*Oh la la oh la la oh la la\*\***

**\*\*Dancing in the dark\*\***

**\*\*When you work on me,\*\***

**\*\*Open my body up and do some surgery,\*\***

**\*\*Now that you got me up\*\***

Marinette feels Chat Noir move his head down so it's right by her ear and whispers the rest of the lyric, "\*\*\*I wanna taste it taste it\*\*."

Marinette would've collapsed if he wasn't holding her up when he suddenly started nibbling her ear. Oh yes, he will taste it as much as he wants. His grip on her hips tighten when she grinds against him harder and more wildly.

\*\*And see those pocket aces.\*\*

\*\*I wanna see who you are.\*\*

\*\*I got a sex drive to push the start\*\*

\*\*I got a sex drive to push the start\*\*

\*\*I got a sex drive to push the start\*\*

At this point Marinette's neck is wide open for Chat to indulge in. Marinette reaches behind her and puts both of her hands around Chat's neck, "\*\*\*On my waist, through my hair,\*\*" she purrs into his ear, "\*\*\*Think about it when you touch me there.\*\*"

Chat groans and tries pulling her \_closer closer closer,  
\_"Fuck."

\*\*Close my eyes, here you are\*\*

\*\*Dance dance dancing in the dark!\*\*

\*\*Oh la la oh la la oh la la\*\*

\*\*Dancing in the dark\*\*

\*\*Oh la la oh la la oh la la\*\*

\*\*Dancing in the dark\*\*

\*\*I love to flirt to see.\*\*

\*\*I'm only talking to you if you wanna surf my seas.\*\*

"\*\*Now that you got me boy," \*\*she smirks, "\*\*\*You know you better spice it-"\*\* she's twirled around, by Chat Noir, until she's face to face with him, "\*\*\*flavor it get it right; savor it\*\*."

"My lady, you have no idea what you're doing to me," he growls out.

Ah revenge is sweet, isn't it?

\*\*Wanna see who you are,\*\*

\*\*Got a sex drive to push the start\*\*

\*\*I got sex drive to push the start\*\*

\*\*I got a sex drive to push the start\*\*

**\*\*On my waist, through my hair.\*\***

**\*\*Think about it when you touch me there.\*\***

**\*\*Close my eyes, here you are (here you are)\*\***

**\*\*All alone dancing in the dark.\*\***

**\*\*\*Tell me baby is it wrong?\*\*\*** Chat Noir pulls her flush against him. He caught onto what his lady was trying to do, which was working as much as he hated to admit. To can play at this game.

**\*\*\*To let my hands do what they want\*\*,**" his hands lower to cup her ass.

**"Chaaat! Ah!"** she mewls.

He can't get enough of her. When she mewls he just wants to snap and devour her. Her lips are daring him to taste them. Her body is teasing the ever living hell out of him. And her eyes are begging him to take her.

**\*\*\*Late at night I pretend we are. Dance dance dancing in the dark,\*\***" he growls. Wanting nothing more than to take her somewhere private, pin her against the wall, and kiss her until both of them are breathless.

**\*\*Tell me baby if it's wrong\*\***

**\*\*Dancing in the dark\*\***

**\*\*To let my hands do what they want.\*\***

**\*\*Dancing in the dark! (it's the Cataracs)\*\***

**\*\*Oh la la oh la la oh la la\*\***

**\*\*Dancing in the dark\*\***

**\*\*Oh la la oh la la oh la la\*\***

**\*\*Dancing in the dark\*\***

When the song is done, Chat and Marinette are hot and bothered. Their foreheads are against each other and they can't stop staring at the other. Marinette shivers at the intense hunger in Chat's eyes. Her face is flushed when he asks, "Who are you?"

Should she tell him? She barely knows him. Besides, he might just be toying with her. He may be having a ball watching her squirm like this. But maybe he's genuinely interested in her. Or at least in a quick makeout session.

She opens her mouth when suddenly a voice booms out, "All welcome Ms. Chloe Bourgeois!"

Herself and Chat turn to see her majesty come out, in all her sluttiness. Is that even a dress? It barely covers anything. She waves and looks at everyone as if they are her citizens.

Marinette's blood goes cold when Chloe's eyes freeze on her and a smirk forms on her lips. And then Chloe blows a kiss right at her.

"I have to get out of here." Marinette nervously lets out before she quickly maneuvers her way through the crowd and somewhere that's anywhere but here. She has to get away.

"Wait!" she hears distantly but she doesn't stop. Chloe saw her and, somehow, she knows who she is.

Marinette is so screwed.

\* \* \*

><p>Hope you enjoyed my story! Review and if you have any advice that would be great! Since I'm new I would really love to hear what I can do to improve.<p>

Have a nice day lovelies~

The song that Ladybug and Chat Noir dance to: In the Dark by Dev

Marinette's dress:  
[/media/catalog/product/cache/1/image/9df78eab33525d08d6e5fb8d27136e95/a/0/a0118\\_animistic\\_black\\_red\\_lace\\_bandage\\_dress\\_](#)

Alya's dress: [images/product/xlarge/1433666\\_](#)

Marinette's mask: .

Alya's mask: [user/Dorabella/media/Masks/MASK063\\_](#).html

## 2. Chapter 2

AHHHHHHKDJVSIOJVKASLNG! You guys are amazing! I'm so happy so many actually liked it! You guys have no idea how elated I read the reviews you guys leave me. You're all too sweet. I LOVE YOU ALL  
^3^

I was so happy when I saw how exited people were to read the next chapter so I made sure to make this one extra quick! I know I told a few of you that I'd update in 2 weeks and I'm really sorry for that. It came much earlier than said time, so yay?

Quick things to get out of the way.

1. Words in italics are Marinette's thoughts.

2. The club the characters are at is called, Chez Rasoutine. It's an Russian-themed club in Paris. I have family in Paris who've been there and they really liked it. Tbh, the only reason I chose the club is because I'm Russian and French and the club's a fusion of them.

Anyways enough of me yapping, Enjoy the story!

I do not own Miraculous Ladybug or anything else I use in this story.

\* \* \*

><p><em>She saw me! <em>Marinette internally screams as she dashes into a bathroom stall just in time for big fat tears to fall down her cheeks.

\_This is not good. This not good at all. How did she find out it was me?! Did she see me with Chat Noir?! Great! Now she's going to start a bunch of nasty rumors about me. WAIT! What if she knows Chat Noir and sent him to toy with me?! What if this is some sort of big ploy of hers to destroy my whole life?! Oh no. Oh no. OH  
N-\_

"Marinette!"

Marinette's internal screaming was cut off when she hears someone slam the door open and scream her name.

"It's Alya! I saw you run in here. What's wrong?" Alya worriedly asks.

Alya was actually looking for Marinette. She felt guilty for leaving Marinette on her own. It's just that she was so excited to see Nino DJing at one of the biggest events of the year. It was a great opportunity for him, after all the rejections he received from various other clubs. He even told her that the owner of the club liked him so much, that he might make Nino a regular DJ at the club!

"Are you crying?" Alya asks when she hears sniffles, "Ok. Who do I have to kill? We will bathe in their blood."

Marinette giggles when she hears that. Leave it to her best friend to cheer her up. Although, she's still a bit mad at Alya for leaving her. But the more she thinks about it, she sees why Alya did it.

Marinette leans over to open up the door when she is sudden-\_  
SPLASH!\_

The moment Marinette opened the door she was tackled in a hug. But Alya didn't realize that Marinette was right by the toilet so Marinette fell in the toilet.

"Oh my God. I am so so so sorry! I can fix it!" Alya spurts out as she rushes Marinette to the hand dryer. She looks up when she sees Marinette with her head down, shaking.

"No no no. Please don't cr-" Alya doesn't finish her sentence when she realizes Marinette's not shaking because she's crying. But that she's shaking because she's laughing.

"Uhh? Are you ok?" Alya tentatively asks.

Marinette can't help but laugh harder at her friend's expression. Alya is looking at Marinette as if she grew a second head. But soon enough, Alya also starts laughing.

They hear the bathroom door open, but they don't care. They may look absolutely crazy but they're together. Needless to say the door immediately shuts.

"Did you see that girl's face?! She looked so scared!" Marinette laughs out.

"I should've taken a picture," Alya barely makes out.

It take both girls a full 5 minutes before they stop laughing, 15 minutes for Marinette to tell Alya everything that happened (plus 5 minutes of squealing, courtesy of Alya) and another 10 minutes to finish drying off Marinette's dress.

Once they're done, Marinette suddenly feels nervous again. Not as much as before, but still a little. She feels Alya grab her hand, "Hey, we can leave right now if you want. We don't have to stay. We can go back home, binge watch a bunch of movies, and stuff out faces with ice cream."

Marinette feels a burst of warmth spread within her at her friend's consideration. But it's immediately diminished when sees a twinge of sadness in Alya's eyes. She knows Alya wants to stay here and hang with Nino. But here she is, offering to leave her boyfriend's first big gig just for Marinette. Marinette can't do that to her. She'll just have to suck it up and avoid the bitc- Oops. Meant Chloe.

"No it's fin-"

"Don't you dare finish that sentence," Alya cuts her off making Marinette blink in surprise.

"You are too selfless. Be selfish for once."

"I'm selfless?! You're selfless!" Marinette holds her hand up to stop Alya from whatever she was about to say, "I know how much this means to you. And I'm over hear ruining it."

"You're not ruining anything!" Alya interrupts.

"So we will stay and you will have the time of your life with Nino. Got it? Ok good," Marinette says, not waiting for an answer.

Alya reluctantly gives in, "Fineâ€¦ But what are you going to do for the rest of the night?"

"I'm going to check this place out. It's practically the size of a mansion. There must be something interesting here," \_And so Chloe won't find me \_Marinette thinks.

"Now go find Nino! I'll fix up myself up and leave in a couple minutes," Marinette says pushing Alya towards the bathroom door.

"Alright alright. Remember, I always have my phone with me if you need anything. I'll come faster than a bullet," Alya winks before she leaves.

\* \* \*

><p>Marinette has come to the conclusion, although reluctantly, that she is lost.<p>

When she left the bathroom she decided to go do some exploring. During her exploring she saw many interesting things. She saw people passed out on the ground, people having sex, and people doing dumb shit. Surprise, surprise. But something she noticed is that there are many hallways and floors in this place. Apparently there are a couple apartments above the club. Marinette doesn't want to think about how much it must cost to live in of them, judging by the size of them.

She must've walked off a bit too far because before she knew it, she was lost in the maze. She tried retracing her steps and asking for directions (which ended in some random girl passing out on Marinette) but ended up walking in a big circle in the end.

"Maybe I should call Alya," she mumbled to herself.

She pulls out her phone and dials Alya's number. She calls her 3 times without any answer. \_Of course.\_

"Faster than a bullet my ass," she glowers before she shoves the phone back through her bra strap and continues walking.

Marinette is actually quite impressed with this place. It's more of a palace than it is a club. There's no surprise Chloe chose this place for the party. She always rents out the best places in palaces to throw meaningless parties. There's no reason for her to throw the parties. She only hosts them to show people how rich, popular, and perfect she is, since she's the mayor of Paris's daughter. She makes them invite so only the "popular kids" can attend. But many people without an invite sneak in anyways. Since this party is masquerade themed, it makes sneaking in much easier. Oh and take a wild guess on whether or not Alya and Marinette were invited.

Now believe it or not but Marinette and Chloe used to be good friends back in grade school. They would do a lot of fun stuff together and always get into trouble with Alya. But once High school rolled along, as cliché as it sounds, Chloe started to change. She started doing bad things, hanging with the popular kids, and putting Marinette down. It was a dark time for Marinette because one of her closest friend left her. Luckily many of her other friends helped her back up on her feet. She eventually grew a backbone from spending time with others and started sticking up for herself against Chloe. They've been enemies ever since.

\_BAM!\_

"Owww," Marinette moans. Leave it to her to walk straight into a wall.

She looks up to see that she's in a hallway that leads to an elevator that takes people back down to the dance floor. She must've not been paying attention to realize she walked back to the main area.

\_Maybe I should try findi- DING!\_

Her thoughts are cut off when she hears the elevator arrive onto the

floor she's on. It's as if everything happens in slow motion when she looks over at the elevator door opening to reveal Chloe in all her glory.

Oh shit.

"Oh! Hey, darling! I'm Chloe, the host of this party," Chloe sweetly says.

"O-oh hi," Marinette waves slightly as she starts sweating a bit.

"Are you enjoying the party so far?" Chloe asks in that sugary tone of hers as she starts walking straight to Marinette.

Marinette feels herself tense up as Chloe stops less than a few feet away from her.

"Uh.. It's great," Marinette manages out. \_Act natural! She may have forgotten about you! \_she prays.

"That's wonderful! I can't believe so many people are sneaking in though," she pouts "Oh well! I'll make sure daddy throws all of them in jail for the rest of the miserable lives!" \_shit shit shit shit, \_"Oh! I'm sorry but I don't seem to recognize you. What's your name?" Chloe asks innocently. But Marinette can see through that fake act. She can see the real demon inside.

"Uh.. I-It's er..," she stutters. \_What was that? Enough with the stuttering! You're Ladybug so act like it! \_Marinette scolds.

"I'm Ladybug," she says with as much confidence as she muster.

"No no, darling. I meant you're real name," Chloe smirks slightly.

"This is a masquerade party. You're not supposed to tell people who you really are," Marinette says smoothly. Surprising herself and even Chloe with how coolly she said that.

"Well I already told you mine," Chloe says as she starts moving closer, "it's only fair that you tell me yours."

Aaand that confidence that Marinette felt just moments ago is gone.

"N-no it's not."

Is it Marinette's imagination or did Chloe's eyes just flash?

"Oh? And why not? It's my party," she purrs as she wraps her arm around Marinette's shoulder, "I deserve to know who attends it, oui?"

Marinette's tenses up when she feels Chloe's hand grip her shoulder like a vice.

Marinette doesn't know what to do. She can't get out of this situation. Chloe will find out who she is and make her pay. Whether it be her social life or her actual life.



"Come on," she purrs, "Tell me who you are. Or should I remove that mask of yours?"

Everything around Marinette seems to freeze. Her instincts screaming at her to get the hell \_out of here\_. But she can't. She's frozen on the spot.

"No name? Alright," Marinette can see the evil in Chloe's eyes, "Then I'll just take the mask off."

It all seems to happen in slow motion as Chloe reaches over to lift the mask off of Marinette's face.

\_RIIIIIING!\_

"Ugh, hold on," Chloe grumbles as she retracts the hand to pull out her phone.

Marinette isn't a a very religious person but in that moment she thanks all the saints, Gods, stars, spiritual entities, and religious entities she can think of.

"Yeah. Uh huh. Wait. What?! That bitch! I'm coming over there right now!" she screeches as she runs down some hallway and leaves Marinette.

Once Chloe's out of sight Marinette sinks down to her knees. \_That was far too close\_ she needs to get out of here, right now. She can't stay here anymore. She has to get out.

Her hands shake as she pulls out her phone and shoots Alya text saying that she'll take a taxi back home. She stands up and tries to find an exit. She runs down a hallway when she suddenly bumps into someone.

"Ow!" Marinette squeaks as she feels like she's about to fall. An arm shoots out to catch her just in time.

"It's you," she hears whispered in her ear. She turns her head to find Chat Noir looking down at her. She thinks she would rather be with Chloe than him.

Her faces erupts in a blush when she remembers the night's past events and how sheâ€|. Oh God she danced with a complete stranger! She didn't have time to think about what happened between them because she was dealing with Chloe. Although, she gave Alya a brief description of what happened. But it immediately left her mind once she was finished. Now that she sees him again, the events slam her. She can't believe she actually danc- No, it wasn't dancing. Oh no. Grinding. Grinding is what it was. She can't believe she\_ grinded \_with a boy whom she barely knows.

\_I bet my water was spiked with some sort of alcoholâ€|\_ Marinette concludes.

"A-ah! It's you!" she let's out as she quickly escapes from his hold.

"That was quite the exit you made there, my lady." And out comes his

cockiness.

"Yeah well I just needed some fresh air."

"Then why did you run in the opposite direction of the exit?" he smirks, catching onto her lie.

"Uhh," \_think of something quick, \_"weelllll this place is huge. There are many exits around here," she smoothly lied.

"But if you were in such a rush to get fresh air, wouldn't you want to go to the nearest exit?"

Dammit. He got her there.

"I just had to get out, ok?!" Marinette snaps

Chat holds his hands up, "Alright alright. No need to have a," he wiggles his eyebrows, "\_cat\_itude."

What is with this guy and cat puns? Marinette has never met someone who made so many cat puns. Puns, sure. But cat puns, specifically? No.

"I'm leaving," Marinette deadpans.

A hand flashes out to rap her wrist as she hears him say, "Wait!"

"Yes?" she asks a bit confused.

"U-umâ€¦ I was w-wonderingâ€¦ err," he stutters.

Marinette stares at him incredulously. What happened to the suave Chat Noir she saw earlier? Where did all the pizzazz go?

He clears his throat and seems to gather himself before he asks, "Who are you?"

Marinette stiffens, "I'm not telling you who I am. This is a masquerade themed party." She flinches when his face breaks out into a big smirk. Great the old Chat is back.

"How about we play a little game, my lady?" he purrs. The way he says it practically screams danger. But Marinette disregards the warnings. There's no way in hell she's going to appear weak in front of him and show him that he's getting to her. She also wants to knock the smirk right off his face. It's really starting to getting on her nerves. That, and she may be a bit, just at tad bit, curious.

"What's the game?" she bites out.

She glares when she sees his smirk widen. How much trouble will she get in if she punches him?

"This is a 10 story building," he points to the ceiling, "Whoever gets to the top first wins."

\_It doesn't sound too challengingâ€¦ In fact it sounds too easyâ€¦\_ Marinette thinks suspiciously. She's prepared to reject the foolish

challenge when she hears him snort, "What? Are you too scared? I thought you were better than that."

\_Oh hell no.\_ He did not just say that. Marinette can't believe him! She glares at him. He looks laid back and relaxed as if he were talking about the weather. As if he thinks he'll beat her, no problem. Well she isn't going to go down without a fight. Oh she's gonna show him. She grabs him by his bell and pulls him in so he's centimeters from her face. She takes glee at seeing his face morph in surprise. "Oh? You think I'm scared? Well you should be the one who's scared. You actually think you can beat me? Ha! I'd love to see you try."

Marinette loves the way he sputters, "If I win, you leave me alone and don't try to find out who I am. If you winâ€¦ well, you'll decide."

Chat regains his composure. He grabs her chin and pulls it up toward his face. But she doesn't back down. She meets his eyes with fierceness. He breathes, "Deal."

Marinette feels herself sway as Chat moves closer. \_I should stop him. I can't let him kiss me, I barely know him! \_Marinette thinks. But she doesn't push him away. She stands there in shock andâ€¦ anticipation?

"See ya at the top, bugaboo," he snickers as he dashes away, leaving Marinette standing there in shock.

It takes her a full 10 seconds before she realizes that Chat tricked her and has a head start. It takes her another 10 seconds to move her legs. Marinette sprints to the elevator and bashes the up arrow. She eventually grows impatient and runs down the hallway Chat ran down. She finds a flight of stairs and slams the door open. But her gut fills with dread to see how many stairs there are that lead to the upmost floor. By the time she reaches the top she's out-of-breath and heaving her lungs out.

"You bastard! That was not fair!" Marinette screams as she bangs the door open to find a dimly lit corridor, but no Chat. \_Did I win?! \_She slowly walks down the corridor, calling Chat's name. He had a large head start so she assumed he would already be up here.

"Didn't anyone tell you that cats are light on their feet?" Marinette jumps back when she feels Chat's breath by her ear.

"Chat! You scared me!" Marinette exclaims, staring at Chat with wide eyes.

"Forgive me, my lady. I meant no harm. Are you alright?" he asks, eyes studying her.

She nodded stiffly, squinting her eyes to try and see him. But manages to spot a faint outline. He's camouflaged in the shadows.

"Good. Well, it seems like I have won." He starts sauntering over to her.

"T-that wasn't a fair win. You cheated!" Marinette stutters, avoiding

his eyes. Well, where she thinks his eyes are.

"All's fair in love and war." He's wearing the biggest smirk Marinette has seen all night and walking like a predator about to eat his prey.

"L-love?!" Marinette sputters, starting to back away as Chat starts getting too close.

"Since I won, I think I'll be collecting my prize," he purrs, ignoring her.

"Wha-" she doesn't have a chance to finish before he slams her against the wall and pins her arms above her head.

"H-hey! What are you doing?" Marinette demands as she puts her hands on his chest, but doesn't push him away. She feels her body heat up when she feels the ridges of his muscles. In that moment, she thanks the heavens for creating spandex.

"You said I can decide what I want, if I win," \_shit, I forgot. No wonder he was so quick to agree\_. "I want a kiss," \_Oh God Oh God Oh God. \_"But if you don't want to kiss, then we won't. I will never force myself upon a lady. So will you grant this alley cat a kiss?"

Marinette could do nothing but slightly nod her head. In slow motion, he bent toward her and brushed his lips against hers. A weak gasp escaped her as she stiffens, but he couldn't relent. Once, twice, until he realizes he will never have enough. The taste of her lips was far more than he bargained for, and he drew her close with a raspy groan.

"God, help me," he murmurs. He cups the back of her neck and kisses her deeply, gently, possessively. His persistent mouth parting her trembling lips, sending wild tremors through her and to her very core. His tongue entering her mouth, desperate to explore. A faint moan escaped her lips and all resistance fled, burned away by the heat of his touch.

They were kissing like crazy. Drinking each other's grunts and moans, wanting to bottle it up and listen to it on repeat. Eating each other's lips, as if the other's was the finest cuisine. But it wasn't enough. They wanted more more more.

She lets out a whine when she feels his mouth leave her lips. "Ladybug." She hears in her ear before he nibbles the soft flesh of her ear. She's moans once again when she feels his mouth move onto her neck. His mouth roams at will, no longer gentle as he devours her. He is ravenous against the smooth curve of her throat. His hands now running all over her back, keeping her flush against him. Her hands move to grip his hair to steady herself. She knows if he wasn't holding her up, her legs would've given away a long time ago and she would be a puddle on the ground.

It ends all too quickly in Marinette's opinion. Chat pulls back, albeit reluctantly, and rests his forehead against hers. They don't say anything for a while, mostly because they're trying to catch their breathe.

Chat pulls back to look at her, having been the first to snap out of it. He traces the marks, **his** marks, that he left on her neck. "This is how I'll find you."

Marinette blinks. It takes her a couple seconds to realize what he did. "Youâ€| left these marks on me on purpose?! " she screams as she pushes him away. "You bastard!"

"Hickeys last about 7 days before they disappear. In those 7 days, I will look for a girl covered in **my** marks," he states.

"Do you know how many girls there are in Paris? You actually think you can find me?" Marinette tries swaying him.

"Of course. I already know you go to Francoise Dupont High School, love. It won't be hard, trust me." \_Huh? How does he know what high school I go to? \_

"Waitâ€| How do you know I go-" \_Crap. He doesn't.\_

Chat smirks. "You just told me."

"Y-you!"

Chat starts backing up towards the staircase. "You can cover them with makeup, wear turtlenecks, wear scarves, and hide all you want. But in the end, I will find you." And he's gone.

\* \* \*

><p>Is it hot in here? Or is it just me? Well, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter!<p>

Quick thing, if I don't update in a week or so, it's because I didn't have enough time to finish it (blaming myself for taking water polo, soccer, and archery. I'm so smart).

Have a great day, lovelies :D

### 3. Day 1

Hey my darlings! How is everyone doing? Good? Great!

Couple quick things to say before we start.

1. I will be updating regularly every Friday. But if I finish earlier, then I'll post it earlier than scheduled.

2. Oui je peux parle franÃ§ais. Ya takzhe mogu govorit' na russkom. No, ya mogu ponyat' russkiy i frantsuzskiy yazyki luchshe chem pisat', chitat', ili brat' yego. Donc, je suis en train d'apprendre les langues mieux. Naprimer, yesli vy podoshli ko men i nachal govorit' na russkom ili frantsuzskom yazyke, ya by ponyal vas. But if I had to speak it, read it, or write it, I would struggle. Donc, je suis dÃ©solÃ© s'il y a des erreurs dans ce. Yo tambiÃ©n sÃ© espaÃ±ol ;) Estoy tomando mi tercer aÃ±o de espaÃ±ol en mi escuela.

Translation: Yes I can speak French. I also can speak in Russian.

But, I can understand Russian and French better than writing, reading, or talking it. So, I'm trying to learn the languages better. For example, if you walked up to me and started talking in Russian or French, I would understand you. But if I had to speak it, read it, or write it, I would struggle. So, I'm sorry if there are errors in this ^^" I also speak Spanish. I'm taking my third year of Spanish in my school.

Now on with the story!

I do not own Miraculous Ladybug.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>RING RING RI-<strong>

Groggily, Marinette shuts off her alarm. She gets out of bed and walks into the bathroom, grumbling about not wanting to go to school.

She turns on her bathroom lights, faces the mirror, and is suddenly flooded with the previous night's events. The masks. Chat Noir. The dancing. The kissing. The heat. The marks. How dumb it was of Chloe to throw the party on a Sunday night.

She gingerly touches the marks he left along her collarbone, which won't be too hard to cover up. But there is one very high on her neck and very purple. \_That damn cat. How dare he leave all of these marks on my neck? And he'll find me in 7 days? Ha. Yeah, right. He probably forgot about it already.\_

But she can't help but start to feel hot all over as the other memories seep in. The ones where they danced and kissed. She shakes her head to rid those thoughts. \_NO! Stop thinking about those Marinette! You are better than this!\_

She takes a quick shower before she tries to cover up the marks with makeup. She only manages to completely hide the less pink ones. The more darker ones are still visible. She even tries using her mom's makeup before she gives up and puts on a turtleneck, as horrendous as it is. Good thing is that she isn't worried about hiding them or Chat Noir.

What she is worried about, however, is Chloe. She prays she won't encounter her that day. Or any other day for the rest of her life.

Luckily, it's a new semester at school. So hopefully, they won't have any classes together.

\_""\_You can cover them with makeup, wear turtlenecks, wear scarves, and hide all you want. But in the end, I will find you." \_ she suddenly remembers and blushes madly. She quickly dismisses the memory and reminds herself that he probably forgot everything that happened between them. For some reason, her heart twists at the thought that he forgot. She doesn't understand why, when she barely knew him.

She shakes her head, quickly finishes getting ready, and heads off for school.

Once she arrives to school, she is immediately tackled by Alya.  
"Girl! What happened to you last night? I kept calling you but never picked up. How rude. And what in the world are you wearing?," she exclaims.

"Reasons. Rude? Remember, \_I always have my phone with me if you need anything. I'll come faster than a bullet\_" Marinette mimics in her best Alya impersonation.

"Ohhh yeah, heh. Oops?" Alya chuckles nervously.

"Yeah. Oops. But I am sorry for making you worried. I took a taxi home," Marinette explains.

"Why take a taxi? You could've waited for me," Alya says, looking the tiniest bit offended.

Marinette looks around them to check if there aren't too many people around or if anyone's listening in. "Becauseâ€¦ Remember how I told you about Chat?"

Alya's face lights up like a christmas tree. "Yessssss. What about him?" She wiggles her eyebrows.

"Promise you won't freak out or scream?"

"I promise," Alya swears. But Marinette has a feeling that'll she'll scream anyways.

She looks around them to double check before leaning in and whispering, "Ok remember Chat?" She slaps a hand over Alya's mouth seeing as how she was about to scream.

"SHHHHH!" Alya's eyes are squinted and Marinette just knows that Alya is smirking gleefully.

"I won't tell you if you scream!" Marinette warns. Alya nods her head. Marinette slowly removes her hand from Alya's mouth and decides to continue when she sees Alya give no sign of screaming.

"So we placed a bet, he won, and we kinda maybe sorta made out," Marinette mumbles. She slaps her mouth over Alya's mouth again when she sees her ready to scream.

"I told you not to scream!" Marinette glares. Alya even has the gall to look sheepish.

Marinette slowly removes her hand when Alya seems to have calmed down. Wrong move. Alya instantly screams her head off, attracting the attention of passerbys.

Marinette chuckles embarrassed, punching Alya's arm. "Ow!"

"Haha. Don't mind us. Keep going about your day," Marinette says. They look at the two weirdly but keep on walking.

"Alya! What the hell was that?!" Marinette hisses before turning around and walking to her first class, Health. She regrets not taking it her 10th year of high school.

"Hey! Wait up!" Alya runs to catch up.

"How do you expect me to not scream? You made out-"

"Shh!"

"With an extremely hot guy and-" Alya cuts herself off when she notices something.

Marinette turns to look at her. "What's wrong?"

Alya quickly grabs her wrist and beelines to the bathroom. Once inside, she checks to make sure all the stalls are empty before whipping out and asking, "Are those hickeys?"

Marinette's face heats up. "Yeahâ€¦".

"Oh my God. So you are the girl!" Alya exclaims.

Marinette stares at her confused. "What girl?"

Alya stares at Marinette as if she just landed here on a spaceship. "Have you not seen the posters?"

"What post- Wait a minuteâ€¦" Marinette and Alya leave the bathroom and see the hallways full of posters. Almost everyone seems to be starrng at them. All of them have a picture of a girl, leaving the party, with hickeys in the exact same spots Marinette has her's. They have **\*\*"WHO IS LADYBUG?"** \*\*stamped in big, bold letters. There's even a very small note at the bottom.

\_Don't think I forgot about last night. I will find you, my lady.\_

"I never knew your alternative name at the party, so I wasn't sure if it was you. But those hickeys prove everything!" Alya is practically jumping off the walls at her new revelation.

"He remembersâ€¦" Marinette mumbles.

"Oh my God! I can't believe it!" Marinette doesn't understand why Alya is so happy. This is a very, very bad thing.

"This is not goodâ€¦"

"We have to find out who he is!"

"No!" Marinette immediately denies. "He can never find out who I am!"

Alya looks at Marinette, muddled. "Why? What if he feels something for-"

"Ladybug," Marinette finishes. Of course he would like Ladybug. She's the complete opposite of Marinette. She is beautiful, doesn't wear glasses, is confident, etc. He's probably just blinded by Ladybug's pizzazz. There's no way Chat Noir would like plain, awkward Marinette. He would never consider looking inside of her to find who she truly is.



Alya puts a sympathetic hand on Marinette's shoulder, catching onto what she was implying. "Maybe he would be interested in you?"

Marinette snorts. "I doubt that."

**\*\*\_BRIIIINNNNG\_\*\***

Alya waves her hands as if dismissing the dark thoughts. "Forget I said anything. Go to class. I'll see you during lunch," she says before hugging Marinette.

Marinette returns the hug. "Bye, Alya."

She walks into class to see **\*\*SEX \*\***written across the board. \_Greaaaat. \_She sits at her usual seat, in the middleish, backish of the class so she can do her own thing but still pay attention to the lesson.

"Alright sit down! Time to get this show on the rode." The health teach, Ms. McKlain shouts. She's one of those really tough, badass teachers who aren't afraid to put students in their place. Although she's really nice and funny if you're on her good side. (AN: this is legit based off of the health teacher I had last year, in high school)

Everyone stops talking once they hear her. Well, all except one. Kim. Kim is your typical high school, american football playing, jock.

"Mr. Cark, sit down," the teacher demands.

"Nah, I don't really feel like it." Kim and his friends laugh.

"My apologies, Cark. Zip up your pants, sit down, and shut up." The class breaks out into giggles.

Kim's face heats up as he sits down, mumbling under his breathe.

"What was that Cark?" Ms. McKlain glares.

"Y-yes, ma'am" Kim stutters. He glares at his friends when they punch him in the arms.

They hear the door whip open. "Sorry I'm late!" In walks Adrien Agreste, in all of his glory. Marinette turns her head, as does the rest of the class. Marinette wonders if he suddenly got hotter over the weekend. Or is it her imagination? Marinette may not like him, but she appreciates a good-looking guy when she sees one. Ok maybe she likes him a little bit. But only a bit! It's so tiny, it's microscopic. \_Yeah, sure. Keep telling yourself that\_, she could hear Alya teasing her.

he fist bumps Kim and the rest of his friends, before sitting by a guy whose name Marinette forgot. All of them sitting somewhere behind her. She whips her head back to the front of the class when he makes eye-contact with her.

"Well, look who decided to join us," the teacher says.

Adrien rubs the back of his neck. "Ah, sorry about that Ms. McKlain. I overslept." He nervously laughs.

"Uh huh." The teacher looks at him suspiciously, clearly not buying it. But brushes it off. "Alright time to start!"

Once the bell rings, everyone rushes out of the class room. All except Adrien, who takes a little extra time to pack his stuff up.

"Marinette? May I please see you for a second?" Ms. McKlain calls out before Marinette walks out the door.

"Yeah?" Marinette asks, walking up to her desk.

"I know how you're an A+ student. So I was hoping you would tutor another student?" Marinette wants to say no. But the look Ms. McKlain gives her, shows that she won't take no for an answer.

Marinette awkwardly says, "Um, yeah. I guess?"

Ms. McKlain claps her hands. "Perfect! Adrien come over here!"

Marinette stiffens when she feels Adrien walk up beside her. "Yes?"

"Meet your new tutor, Marinette. Marinette, meet the one whom you'll tutor." She introduces them.

Adrien turns to give her a bright smile. "Hey!"

Marinette feels her cheeks heat up a bit. "H-hi." She gives a small wave.

"Alright, here are some passes to both of your next classes." She hands them a tiny slip.

"Thank you. Goodbye, madam." Adrien thanks. Marinette waves goodbye as they walk out of class. They notice that they're the only ones in the halls, since everyone else is already in class. Well, almost everyone. Minus the delinquents.

After a few moments, Adrien breathes a sigh of relief. "You have no idea how thankful I am that you're my partner. I was praying I wouldn't get someone stuck up or rude. Luckily, I got you!" Adrien smiles. Marinette has no idea how she has not melted into a puddle yet.

"A-ah, yeah. Whoopee." Marinette does a little twirl with her finger.

Adrien chuckles before making a face as if he just remembered something. "Oh! I forgot! Thank you so much for agreeing to help me! I know we don't know each other very well, but this'll be an opportunity to get to know each other better."

"Oh! It's no big deal. I'm glad to help." She smiles. Marinette

internally pats herself on the back for not stuttering.

Adrien seems to make a strange expression before it's gone in the blink of an eye. Marinette doesn't catch it.

"So when do you want to meet up? I'm free tomorrow after school, Friday after school, and, depending on the time, Saturday and Sunday. What about you?" he asks.

"Ummm, I know I'm free tomorrow after school, so we can meet then. But I don't know about the other days. I'll tell you tomorrow after I ask my parents if they have anything planned for me."

"How about I just give you my number and you text me later today if you'll be free then?" Adrien calmly asks. Marinette, on the other hand, has to keep herself from freaking out.

"Y-yeah!" \_Shit. Here we go back to the stuttering. Great job, Marinette. \_She reaches into her back pocket and taps and swipes a couple times before handing it over to Adrien.

He quickly types in his number and hands it back to her. \_Holy hell. I have Adrien Agreste's phone number.\_

"Th-thanks."

Adrien seems to stare at her for a while, Marinette growing uncomfortable under his intense gaze, before saying, "You're cute."

\_Hoooooolllllllyyyy shiiiiitttttttttt. THIS BOY IS TRYING TO KILL ME.\_

Adrien smiles, as if he never just said what he just said. "Well, here's your class." She hasn't even noticed they were heading toward her class or that they arrived.

"Y-yeah," Marinette replies, still a bit shaken from that earlier comment.

He turns to leave and she's about to enter her class when she hears, "See you later, Marinette!"

And he's gone. (AN: Sound familiar?)

The rest of her classes, before lunch, were the longest classes of her life. It's not that they were boring or that she didn't have any friends in them, in fact she has quite a bit of friends in her classes. It's because everyone keeps starrng at her, whispering behind hands, glaring (mostly done by girls), and pointing at her. All because Adrien walked her to class and he NEVER does that to anyone. Not to Chloe. Not to his friends. Not to other girls. No one. The fact that he walked Marinette, an average, to class is mind-boggling for everyone.

By lunch, it seems everyone forgot about the mysterious Ladybug and switched their attention to the new, better topic. Adrien Agreste walking Marinette Dupain-Cheng to her 2nd hour class.

When Marinette finishes getting her food and exits the kitchen, she

is immediately confronted by Alya.

"What is this I hear about Adrien Agreste walking you to class?!" Alya whisper-screams.

Marinette sighs. "Oh my God. It isn't a big deal." But Alya doesn't relent.

When they arrive to their lunch table, Marinette is again confronted by Alix, Mylene, Juleka, and Rose.

"Dude! Did Adrien Agreste seriously walk you to class?!" Alix demands. She feels everyone at their table stare at her, silently demanding answers. Hell she even sees the people around her stop eating and lean in, wanting to hear what Marinette has to say.

Marinette glares at them and they turn their attention back to their food and their whispering.

Marinette motions for them to huddle. "Ok I don't even know if he walked me to class. We were kind of walking and arrived at my classroom. I didn't even realize we were walking there until we actually got there. Then he left to go to his own class. That's it."

"So he did or didn't? There is no in-between," Alix bluntly says.

"Wait. When he left, did he go the opposite direction you guys were originally walking or the same?" Mylene asks.

"Opposite."

"Then he was walking you to class," Juleka mumbles.

"He might've accidentally passed his class!" Marinette defends.

"But how did he know what class you have?" Mylene asks again.

"Uhhâ€¦" Marinette didn't think of that. \_Crap. How did he know?

—

"Case-closed. Adrien walked you to class." Alya silently whoops.

"Wait a minuteâ€¦ You two barely know each other. So why were you guys together in the first place?" Rose questions.

The 5 of them stare at Marinette, who is fiddling with her glasses.

"Marinette. Explain. Now," Alix demands.

Marinette slumps and buries her head in her arms, before slightly lifting a very red face. "Ms. McKlaine assigned me to be his tutor. So we were talking about times to meet up, outside of school, andâ€¦ he gave me my number."

Alix and Alya slap Marinette on the back before hollering out loud to the whole, damn cafeteria, "You go, girl!"

Everyone in the whole, damn cafeteria turns their heads to face the 6 if them.

Rose and Mylene laugh nervously. "Nothing to see here! Haha. You can go back to what you were doing!"

Everyone turns back their heads and start whispering to each other. Honestly, Marinette is pretty sick of all the whispering.

"I can't believe you two just did that!" Marinette whisper-shouts before burying her face in her hands. She peaks in-between her fingers to look at Adrien's table. Sure enough, he's starring right at her. This just makes her blush even more.

The 5 of them laugh at Marinette's misery. "We did it because we love you," Juleka coos.

"Well I really feel the love. Maybe a bit too much. How about loving me a little less?" Marinette, sarcastically, replies.

"How about instead we continue to tease the ever-living hell out of you." Alya smiles innocently.

Marinette grumbles, "Bastardsâ€¦!"

"We love you too!" Rose chides.

Alya coughs. "Why don't you tell them what happened last night and how they correlate to the posters all around school."

Marinette groans. \_This is going to be a long lunch.\_

Luckily, it's the last class of the day for Marinette. Double luckily for her, Alix is in her class. Unluckily for her, it's gym. Doubly unluckily for her, Chloe is in her class.

All Marinette wanted was a quick gym class, but that would be impossible with Chloe in her class. Thank the heavens that Alix is in her class too.

But as the teacher is introducing everyone and yells at everyone to start running laps, Chloe just smirks at Marinette. That's it. Nothing else. The silence from her unnerves Marinette. Now that she thinks about it, she hasn't seen Chloe all day. She would think Chloe would use the fact that she knows Marinette is Ladybug against her. She must've seen the posters all around school. So why isn't she using it to her advantage?

For the rest of class Chloe doesn't even look at Marinette. She just talks to her bitchy friends and flirts with all the cute boys in the class.

\_Maybe she doesn't know I'm Ladybugâ€¦? \_

5 minutes before the bell rings, the class is trying to decide on what fundraiser event they want to do. Each gym class, in the school, has to participate in it, this Saturday. Most, if not all, of the

students groan when they hear that everyone has to do it. But their interest is piqued when the gym teacher says that the winning gym class will earn \$1000 for the students to split amongst themselves.

"How about a car wash?!" someone shouts. This seems to get people's attention. Everyone but Marinette. Saturday is in a couple days that are less than 7. So the hickeys will still be visible, albeit not as pronounced. But Marinette wouldn't be able to wear a turtleneck or scare without looking suspicious. Makeup also won't work because the water would just wash it off. Marinette prays to all the religious entities she knows, in the moment, that the class won't agree to a car wash.

Sadly, luck isn't on Marinette's side. The class seems to be intrigued by the idea and open to doing it.

The gym teacher looks around the class. "Are we doing a car wash then?"

The class choruses with a, "Yeah!"

Marinette feels a small part of her die inside. She's even more so screwed. Great. Just great.

Once gym is done, Marinette is ready to go into her room, forget all her worries, and design the night away.

She goes to her locker to pick her jacket up and sees a piece of paper fall out of the locker. She bends down to pick it up and nearly passes out when she reads what's inside.

\_I know who you are.\_

\_~Chat Noir\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hehehehe. Hope you guys like the cliffhanger! I feel so evil for doing this and a little bad. I hate when authors leave cliffhangers but now I see why they do it. It's fun ;)<p>

Read, review, PM if there are any mistakes or confusion, etc

I hope you all have a great day! Je vous aime tous!

End  
file.